

## **SO THIS IS REAL LIFE**

**Sat March 21, 6:05 pm**

It's Saturday night. Justin is out helping my brother move some of his stuff out of his storage unit. "Social distancing. We have to keep mom and dad healthy," my brother said as I automatically went in for the hug upon his arrival.

Before the two of them took off, they exchanged TP for ammo. Yeah we live in Texas, but WTF. It's raining so hard right now. There's thunder and lightning and it's the first time I've been at the new house alone. There are so many more doors to watch when you buy a home in north Austin like responsible adults.

Last night Justin and I had an argument about covid. That seems silly when I write it, but I imagine many couples have. Are we both taking it seriously enough? How worried is too worried? Can I go to Hobby Lobby? DID YOU WASH YOUR HANDS?!

He is taking it very seriously. He has three guns stashed throughout the house and I can tell he's just anxious about what this all means. So far I've just been going about business as usual since I'm a homebody who wants every social commitment I make to get canceled anyway.

I told him we should wait until Jesus tells us it's really bad before we get all up in knots. Unsurprisingly, he thought that was too hippie dippie. I was all like this is my faith and truth why can't you trust Jesus with me? He says I smoke too much pot. He always says that.

It's raining harder now. It's so weird. And for the first time, I'm scared.

**Monday, March 23, 2:32 pm**

It's the second week of WFH. I've tried to stay away from the news, but I just got an "uplifting email" from a brand giving Texans FREE SHIPPING since Dallas just enacted shelter in place restrictions.

I've been going out on a need-be basis. Mostly to get wine. But this weekend I made the choice to stop drinking until this is all over with. I just have this feeling that this can go one of two ways: I can sit on my haunches and slide down this muddy slope and stay there, or I can put the goddamn wine down and start clawing my way up and use this time to become a better version of myself. Far from the self back in November who threw up on her dad in Justin's truck coming back from my uncle's 70th birthday party. You could say the bar is set low. Will I rise? Because it's 4:28pm and I want some wine.

**Tuesday, March 24, 9:26am**

The weird thing about this, that I can't get my head around, is that nobody knows what will happen or how to feel since in our lifetimes, this has never happened.

I was on Fishbowl (Advertising industry social network) and creaped on a heated debate between runners in NYC. Should you be running, even?

I've been running, still, but it wasn't until this morning post social media rabbit hole that I made a point to cross over into the bike lane if someone else was on the sidewalk. I held my breath going past bus stops. But then there were some people who seemed more than ok with passing right by others, without this new 6 feet of socially acceptable distance we've been told to adhere to.

Maybe that's just in NYC, it surely isn't as bad in Texas. I read a headline yday that stated there are only 79 confirmed cases in Austin.

Public transportation is still running, albeit on a very limited schedule. None of the bus drivers I saw out this morning were wearing masks. If it was that bad, they'd be wearing masks, right?

Justin said they're probably going to enact a shelter in place for Austin sometime today so we're going to Costco over lunch to get food "for at least 2 months." Again, we had to discuss if it was more risky if we both went or if just one of us should go.

Last night was the first night I didn't have a glass of wine or two before bed and I feel good this morning. I'm so tired though. No amount of sleep seems enough these days.

**Weds, March 25, 10:17am**

We're \$600 poorer today after our Costco adventure yday. It wasn't too bad, waited in line like 10 min until the lady at the front flipped her sign on a stick to "go".

We both wore gloves, but there were plenty of people (cashiers included) who did not.

I was able to convince Justin before we left that a cut off tee was exposing too much of his skin to the potential virus, so he changed into a regular T shirt. (Fuck yeah!) But he did tell me that after this is over he's gonna wear cut off tees everywhere "To dinner with your parents, out with your coworkers, on your webinars... everywhere!" He had me tickled with that. I like how he still makes me cry from laughing so hard. Those are my favorite moments between us.

We were planning on pulling the goalie AKA Nuvaring on our one year wedding anniversary. That's June 8. We've both decided that's no longer on the table until this is all over and done with. A part of me was relieved because I didn't feel ready, and another part of me is sad that the choice to wait wasn't mine.

**Thurs March 26, 3:11pm**

I've moved the office outside since it's been sunny and nice - the yoga studio too. And I can't help but feel guilty for enjoying the this WFH time... that I have a job even... that I can continue to work and that I'm actually enjoying my current circumstance feels indulgent and selfish.

I canceled my hair appointment last Friday, but wanted to pay my lady anyway. I couldn't find her on venmo. I keep thinking about her because I know her husband is in the hospitality industry so they both aren't working right now.

And here I am on finding time to write between meetings on a sunny lovely day from my new backyard while my husband works, too - inside. I wonder why it's so unfair like that.

**Sat, March 28 10:09am**

We had our first virtual happy hour at work (home?) last night. It has provided me with about the same level of anxiety/cringe in the aftermath as an in-person work happy hour. (Yes, I'm back to drinking already, but trying to employ a more measured approach.)

It started out with the whole company - about 55 brave souls either dying for some personal connection, trying to look like a good employee, or just interested in watching the trainwreck - which is where I fall on the spectrum.

It's so weird having to "take the floor" in that situation. I had no problems doing so after a couple (few?) beers and am lambasting myself today for being the annoying person that interjects too much. I can't seem to shake the moment when I asked a question and could literally see the cringe on a girl's face as it fell to a silent, eyes diverted crowd.

After we had been at it for about an hour, it was decided to start break out chats. Basically a chat roulette of 5 coworkers you're put in a room with randomly. I did not know anyone in my room. I felt even more awkward in the small group setting, so after about 20 min, i used the chat feature to let them know i had to go eat dinner and bounce - a step up for someone who usually houdini's out of a happy hour without saying anything at all.

It's weird how life in our household is returning to "normal" using technology to do what we otherwise would've done on a Friday night. It's pretty typical that I'd go out for drinks with co-workers, while Justin opted for a livestream surf rock concert that I was not invited to.

**Sat Mar 28, 1:29 pm**

And still  
The bluebonnets bloom

The mockingbird sings  
The ladybugs land  
The sky is open for for business  
All these things touch us.

### **Sunday MArch 29 %26pm**

We've been having sunday funday. So much for not drinking. Justin and I have been pretending like our backyard is hawaii today. It's been fun. I opneed the windoms in the house. He is blaring old soul. I have so much to do tomorrow.

### **Tuesday, March 31, 6:07pm**

I crashed and burned yesterday. It happens. Mostly on a Monday (after Sunday Funday), mostly after I've drank a lot over the weekend. Sometimes after spending a lot of time with family. It took everything in me to do the 3 meetings required of me for work and then i had to be on the couch for the rest of the day eating pizza. It's the worst feeling. These are usually the days i "WFH" but alas.

Up until then, I thought i was doing great. I was hopping from one chore to the next at home. Volunteering for more work at work. Walking Trixie. Writing. Wallpapering my office, unwallpapering my office due to user error. Working out everyday. Meditating. Doing all the things. And then it all comes crashing down. Right when i think I've got it all figured out.

There's an underlying current of perfectionism in me. It always gets me in trouble. It usually gets me eating pizza on the couch in my pjs.

Right when being perfect at the things starts to feel like too much, the pendelum swings the other way and I just say fuck it all. There is no inbetween.

I remember when i was little having spans of time where I thought, "Ok i'm going to start being perfect now." I would dress up for doing my chores. I wouldn't eat seconds. I would make lists of things to do around the house and tick them off one by one. I don't know why I haven't quite come to terms with being a perfectionist. Maybe bc hippies aren't supposed to care about all that.

We're going to be in self isolation all of April says the powers that be. (Who that is I'm still not really sure) I'm telling myself I'm not drinking in April. As I sit here writing with my glass of wine in arm's reach, easing me into the evening.

That's the thing about wine though. The first glass is always the best. The way it tastes, the way it makes you feel. I drink three more glasses just to find that first glass feeling again to no avail.

My hair is so long. And I think about my hairdresser and her husband again.

**Sun April 5, 530 pm**

My hairdresser texted me during a fat nap yday. To let me know the salons were still closed and we'd have to push it out again until May 5, this time.

I asked her if she was on venmo bc i wanted to send her some money. She wouldn't accept but did send me a link to hair produces she endorses. I guess she gets a cut, but nowhere near as much as she'd get for a cut and highlight.

We're wearing masks now in the grocery store. Not everybody, but like 50% of the people. Looking all gangsta with bandanas around our mouth and shit. We waited 30 min to get in. It's hard putting produce in plastic bags with latex gloves on.

I also ordered an office chair. That's exciting right. My wallpaper arrived as well now i just need the primer and adhesive and shit to get here from home depot.

Talked to mom and dad today. They're doing fine. Mom STILL has a cough - she claims it's allergies after she got over the bronchitis but it concerns me.

She asked what Justin and I were doing with our money. I was like boundaries.

I keep having a dream that I'm pregnant and had an abortion. I wonder if it has anything to do with putting any sort of a plan for a real life human puppy on hold has anything to do with it.

I relaxed more this weekend. I think i had just worked myself into a tizzy with being active all around the house. Always doing shit.

I also put jeans on today. They fit! Tight but fit. Booty be looking good. Cornbread fed.

Tomorrow goes into week 4 of WFH and pretty much complete social isolation. It's so weird.